The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1866. VOLUME XIV. NO. 10.

"SENT BY EXPRESS."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Marian Harlan was alone in the world—her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful, brown-haired girl with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and ray lips compressed to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze, and asked:

'But what are you goin to do to earn your bread and butter, child?

'I don't know—I haven't thought. Mamma had an uncle in New York, who'———

'Yes, yes—Ive heern tell about *him*—he was mad 'cause your mother didn't marry just exactly to suit him, wasn't he?'

Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the Deacon went away home, to tell his wife that "that Harlan gal was the very queerest creetur he ever had come across?

In the meanwhile Marian was busy packing her few scanty things into a little carpet bag, by the weird, flickering light of the dying woodfire.

'I will go to New York, she said to herself, setting her small pearly teeth firm together, 'My mother's uncle *shall* hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Minnie Harlan; I am an orphan all alone in the world who must fight life's battles with her own single hands!'

Lower Broadway at seven o'clock P. M.! What a Babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noises it was! Minnie Harlan sat in the corner of an Express Office, under the flare of gaslights, surrounded by boxes, and wondered whether people ever went crazed in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby old-fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage the carpet bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very, very tired.

'Poor little thing,' thought the dark-haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gaslights. And then he took up his pen, and plunged into a perfect Atlantic Ocean of accounts.

'Mr. Evans!'

'Sir!'

The dark haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

'I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?'

'Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa—arrived this afternoon.'

As though poor Minnie Harlan were a box or a paper parcel.

'Who for?'

'Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esquire.'

'I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer every moment.'

'Very odd,' said the gray-headed gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

'Yes, sir, rather.'

Some three quarters of an hour afterwards, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side with with an indescribable pity in his hazel eyes.

'Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence'——

Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpetbag.

'—And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock this day.'

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations, she had made no allowance for an exigency like this.

'Can we do anything further for you?' questioned the young clerk, politely.

'Nothing—no one can do anything now!'

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tone of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

'Shall I send to any other of your friends?'

'I have no friends.'

'Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel?'

Minnie opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten cents pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

'This is all the money I have in the world, sir!'

So young, so beautiful, and so desolate! Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but he had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire perplexity.

'But what are you going to do?'

'I don't know, sir. Isn't there a workhouse, or some such place, I could go to, until I could find something to do?'

'Hardly. Frank Evans could scarcely help smilling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

'They are putting out the lights, and preparing to close the office, said Minnie, starting nervously to her feet. 'I must go—somewhere.

'Miss Harlan,' said Frank, quietly, 'my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me.'

'Trust you?' Minnie looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. 'Oh, sir, I should be so thankful!'

'How late you are Frank! Here, give give me your overcoat—it is powdered with snow, and'———

But Frank interrupted his bustling, cherry-cheeked little mother, as she stood on tip toe to take off his outer wrappings.

'Hush, mother! there is a young lady down stairs.'

'A young lady, Frank?'

'Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is left entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do.'

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerily out:

'Come up stairs, my dear—you're as welcome as flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do.'

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Halan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans's humble dwelling. 'It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place,' said the cosy little widow; 'and she is so useful about the house. I don't know how I ever managed without her.'

'Now, Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?'

'I must dear Mrs. Evans only think—I have been here two months to-morrow; and the situation of governess is very advantageous.'

'Very well. I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are.'

'Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't! Please keep my secret.'

'What secret is it to be so religiously kept?' asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind, and his hazel-brown eyes sparkling archly.

'Secret!' repeated Mrs. Evans energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses. 'Why Marian is determined to leave us to-morrow.'

'Minnie!'

'I must Frank. I have no right farther to trespass on your kindness.'

'No right, eh? Minnie, do you know that the old house has been a different house since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam?'

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

'You'll stay, Minnie?'

'No.' She shook her head determinedly.

'Then you must be *made* to stay,' said Frank. 'I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft!'

'Missed something?' Minnie rose, turning red and white. 'Oh, Frank, you never can suspect me!'

'But I do suspect you. In fact I am quite sure that the article is in your possession.'

'The article!'

'My heart, Miss Minnie! Now look here: I know I am very young and very poor, but I love you, Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you. Stay and be my little wife!'

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to the programme, married the dark-haired young clerk in Ellison's Express Office.

They were very quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the circlet of gas lights.

'Evans!'

'Yes, sir.'

Frank, with his pen behind his ear as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray-headed official.

'Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?'

'Yes, sir—I remember her.'

A tall, silver-haired gentleman here interposed with eager quickness:

'Whose is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, when the news of her arrval reached me. I want her; she is the only living relative left me!'

'Ah! but, sir,' said Frank, 'you can't have her.'

'Can't have her! What do you mean? Has any thing happened?'

'Yes, sir something has happened; Miss Harlan was married to me this morning.'

Walter Harrington stared.

'Take me to her,' he said, hoarsely. 'I can't be parted from my only living relative for a mere whim.'

'I wonder if he calls the marriage service and wedding ring mere whims,' thought honest Frank; but he obeyed in silence.

'Minnie,' said the old man, in faltering accents, 'you will come to me and be the the daughter of my old age? I am rich, Minnie, and you are all I have in the world.'

But Minnie stole her hand through her husband's arm.

'Dearest uncle, *he* was kind to me when I was desolate and alone. I cannot leave my husband, Uncle Walter—I love him!'

'Then you must both of you come and be my children,' said the old man, doggedly. 'And you must come *now*, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb.'

Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old time and that is saying enough. Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

MR. LINCOLN'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMOUS FLIGHT TO WASHINGTON.—A recent Pictorial History of the Civil War in America has the following account from the last President of his famous flight to Washington:

While in Washington City, early in December, 1864, the writer called on the President, with Isaac N. Arnold, member of Congress from Chicago, one of Mr. Lincoln's most trusted personal friends. We found him alone in the room wherein the Cabinet meetings are held in the White House, whose windows overlook the Potomac and Washington Monument. At the request of the writer, the President related the circumstance of his claudestine journey between Philadelphia and Washington.—The narrative is here given substantially in his own words, as follows:

I arrived at Philadelphia on the 21st. I agreed to stop over night, and on the following morning hoist the flag over Independence Hall. In the evening there was a great crowd where I received my friends, at the Continental Hotel. Mr. Judd, a warm personal friend from Chicago, sent for me to come to his room, and found there Mr. Pinkerton, a skillful police detective, also from Chicago, who had been employed for some days in Baltimore, watching or searching for suspicious persons there.—Pinkerton informed me that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Baltimore being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I did'nt like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburg, and go from there to Baltimore, and I resolved to do so. I could not believe there was a plot to murder me. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told him that I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go with me to the next place, (then Baltimore,) I should feel safe and go on.

When I was making my way back to my room, through crowds of people, I met Frederick Seward. We went together to my room, when he told me that he had been sent, at the instance of his father and General Scott, to inform me that their detectives in Baltimore had discovered a plot there to assassinate me. They knew nothing of Pilkerton's movements. I now believed such a plot to be in existence.

The next morning I raised the flag over Independence Hall, and then went on to Harrisburg with Mr. Summer, Major (now General) Hunter, Mr. Judd, Mr. Lamon, and others.—There I met the Legislature and people, dined, and waited until the time appointed for me to leave. In the meantime Mr, Judd had also secured the telegraph, that no communication could pass to Baltimore and give the conspirators knowledge of a change in my plans.

In New York some friend had given me a new beaver hat in a box, and in it had placed a soft wool hat. I had never worn one of the latter in my life. I had this box in my room. Having informed very few friends of the secret of my new movements, and the cause, I put on an old overcoat I had with me, and putting the soft hat in my pocket, I walked out of the house at a back door, bareheaded, without exciting any special curiosity. Then put on the soft hat and joined my friends without being recognized by strangers, for I was not the same man. Summer and Hunter wished to accompany me. I said no; you are known, and your presence might betray me. I will only take Lamon (now marshall of this district), whom nobody knew, and Mr. Judd. Summer and Hunter felt hurt.

We went back to Philadelphia, and found there a message from Pinkerton (who had returned to Baltimore), that the conspirators had held their final meeting that evening, and it was doubtful whether they had the nerve to attempt the execution of their purpose. I went on, however, as the arrangement had been made, in a special train. We were a long time in the station at Baltimore. I heard people talking around; but no one particularly observed me. At an early hour on Saturday morning, at about the time I was expected to leave Harrisburg, I arrived in Washington.

THE SENATE'S PLAN.—The following clear exposition of the Senate's programme for reconstruction is from the Washington correspondence of the Augusta *Constitutionalist*:

"By substituting a clause proscribing all persons in the rebellion who have ever held any office under the United States or State Governments for the cause of general proscription, they expect to make their platform more popular. The idea of disfranchising the mass of the people was shocking to every fair mind. But the idea of not letting the leaders in secession hold office is more consonant to the popular opinions North. The provision that Congress, by a two thirds vote, may release any particular individual from the constitutional disability, shows a new idea has occurred to the majority in Congress. This looks to building up a party at the South in sympathy with the majority in Congress. It is a notorious fact that the Congress have seen, with great dissatisfaction, the influence the President has attained by the use of the pardoning power. They now want to reserve a large portion of this for their own exclusive use. They wish by this that the South shall understand that the real power is at the Capitol and not at the White House.—The radical party are playing just their game with same skill. They are not pressing negro suffrage. They propose to curtail the political power of the South and exclude the politicians of the South from office, except under a two-thirds vote of Congress. They think this scheme cannot be attacked successfully, and on it they are to carry the fall election. And further, if the South refuse to accept the terms proposed, and her Senators and Representatives are not admitted to Congress, the question of reconstruction is still kept open, which suits the radicals exactly; because they think the longer the South is kept out the better, for two reasons—first, because in the meantime their political influence goes for nothing, and the South can be gradually educated up to the right mark.'

When the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, we are more ready to receive receive a new one than when we are entirely cured.

CROMWELL'S SWORD.

WILL SOME "BUMMER" BRING IT BACK.

It appears that at the capture of Columbia, S. C., by Sherman's army, there was lost an article of great antiquity, and highly treasured by South Carolina Masons as a relic of the past.

This was the famous sword of state, called among our Masons "The Cromwell Sword," and commonly believed among them to have been once possessed by the lord protector of England. We draw attention to the fact of the loss, and to the descriptive particulars which follow, in the hope that, public attention being drawn to its history, it may be recovered, drawn from some obscure hiding-place, and restored to the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, to which it belonged.

This antique weapon was a subject of peculiar interest as a relic rather than for its use and beauty. Its history is given by Chicho in his Masonic reader.

It is a large one, once elegant, and curious two-edged weapon; in a rich, velvet scabbard highly ornamented with emblems, and with the arms of the grand master. It had been presented to the grand lodge by the provincially grand master, after the installation of the grand officer; was as a consecrated sword and received with reverent assurances to keep it safely, so far as human effort could accord safety. The weapon had been long in the possession of the grand master's family, and was said to have once belonged to Oliver Cromwell, a legend to which some degree of probability may be given, from the fact that the provincial grand master was a descendant of Sir Edward Leigh, who was a member of the Long parliament and a general in time of the protector, from whom perhaps he received it.

The further history of this sword may as well be given here. From the time of the presentation it continued in possession of the grand lodge, and was borne by the grand sword bearer, or in later times the grand pursuivant in all public processions. At length in the conflagration, which in year 1838 destroyed so large a portion of the city of Charleston, and with other buildings the masonic hall, the sword was with great difficulty saved by Brother Seyle, the grand tyler, with the loss of the hilt, the scabbard, and a small part of the extremity of the blade. In the confusion consequent upon the fire, the sword thus mutilated was mislaid, and for a long time was supposed to be lost. In 1852, a committee was appointed by the grand lodge to make every exertion for its recovery, and at length, in the beginning of the year, 1854, it was accidently found by the grand tyler in an out house on his premises, and was by him restored to the grand lodge in its mutilated condition. The last piece of the blade was ingeniously replaced by a cutler in the city of Charleston, and being sent to New York, was returned with new hilt and velvet scabbard, and was used in its appropriate place during the centennial ceremonies of that year.

With such a history, and blended with such a tradition of its origin, we need not feel surprised at the universal, and keen feeling occasioned by its loss.

BRAZIL.—The Montgomery *Advertiser* publisher some extracts from a letter of Mr. C. G. Genter dated Rio de Janeiro March 20th, which are interesting. He says:

"I am pleased with our move. I have examined land in the provices of Bahia, Espiritu Santas, Rio de Janeiro, and will go soon to look at San Paulo. It is no trouble to get lands and cheap, but there is such a variety of productions and climates that I will look well before settling. In latitude 15 South, I am offered three leagues of land, eight miles from the sea on a river, (a league here is 10,767 acres) twenty six slaves, and all the crop and stock for $17,000. I have found men here who would loan me the money to buy whenever I decide where I wish to locate. The price of land varies from one cent to twenty dollars per acre. I like the people, their government and their religion, and whenever I settle I will write, and invite you to bring your family and stay a year or two. If you ever find yourself under the necessity of planting for a living don't hesitate one minute to come to this Empire—the people live better, on less work, than in any other land on earth. I shall be a Brazilian in a few days by special legislation. The people, I mean the natives, are polite and exceedingly kind, and anxious to induce cotton growers, and artisans, and manufacturers to settle here. Several of the provinces are preparing to build houses and send ships South for emigrants. They need not fear to come. There is no place here they will fail to do well in. Some Southerners are buying lands in St. Paulo."

WHAT IT COSTS TO GOVERN ENGLAND—HER ARMY AND NAVY.—The civil service, army and navy estimates for the coming year, now before the British Parliament, amount to £32,482,153, or $162,415,765, divided as follows: Civil service, £8,000,000: army, £14,095,000; navy, £10,388,153. Some of the items of these accounts interesting.

The palaces cost £49,000, and £90,000 more go for the adornment of the royal parks. Fifty thousands pounds are set apart for the erection of a building to contain the natural history collections of the British Museum, and a similar amount for the purchase of a site for the enlargement of the National Gallery. The "Poor Law Commissions" of England, Ireland and Scotland entail an expense of £242,000; and the "Secret Service" demands £32,000. Printing and stationary cost £357,000, and the postage of letters on the public service in the department is £138,000. Education costs £1,300,000, and the number of scholars is estimated at a million. The Colonial rules receive £100,000, and nearly £50,000 go for the support and conveyance of captured negroes and liberated Africans, and the salaries of the Mixed Commission established under treaties with foreign powers for suppressing the traffic in slaves, besides the expense incurred in maintaining ships for this purpose.

The army consists of 138,116 men of all ranks, divided as follows; Regiments, 128,212; depots in the United Kingdom of regiments in India, 8,982; general staff, 93; establishments, 281. Of the total, 7,150 are officers; 13,454 non-commissioned officers, and 117,513 rank and file. The military service in Canada costs £608,000; in Nova Scotia, $193,000.

The navy comprises 765 vessels of all classes, of which only 193 are in commission, carrying 3,936 guns. Sixteen ships carrying from 70 to 104 guns in each; and the ironclad fleet numbers eleven vessels, carrying 216 guns. Twenty-eight war vessels are building, one of which is an iron-clad. Both the aggregate of naval vessels and of commissioned ships is less than those of last year.

The British navy costs more than the American, according to the respective estimates for the year 1866 7. The former is kept up at a cost of $50,000,000; the latter for $43,000,000. The cost of the British navy is double that of our present establishment, the figures being as follows: British $70,000,000; American, $39,000,000.

THE VALUE OF STAMPS.—People who give receipts, and every body does it, should make a note of the result of a trial which took place in New York the other day, and which show how perilous a thing a neglect to put stamps upon papers which require them, may become. Many persons have fallen into the error of supposing that if a paper is not stamped, the omission may be rectified at any time at very little expense. This is not correct. There was provision made for validating unstamped papers made and issued before the act of 1864, upon compliance with certain provisions. Similar provision is made in the amended act of 1865, upon condition that the party derelict shall pay $50 and interest at 6 per cent on the stamp, if the cost of the latter is more thas $50. But in addition to this, there is an actual penalty which may be enforced against any one who issues unstamped paper Under the act of 1864 it was $200 in all cases. Under the amended act of 1865 it remains $200, upon acceptors and payers of foreign bills of exchange without first stamping the securities. In this case, in New York, the party sued had neglected, before the passage of the amended act of 1865, to affix stamps upon seven receipts for the payment of mony. He was sued for the full penalty in each case, amounting to $1,400 in all, and a verdict was given against him for the whole sum. The stamps would have cost him 14 cents, so that by his saving habits on the occasion referred to, he is $1,899 86 out of pocket, besides lawyer's fees and costs of suit. The example is worthy of remembrance. There are no duties which devolve upon a citizen which can be as cheaply discharged as those under the stamp laws, and few which, if neglected, may cost a careless person more dearly.